The Cee-Ay

Of, By and For the Students of Columbia Academy

VOL. I. April 5, 1922. NO. 4.

WEST FOURTEENTH STREET IN 1942.

As I joyfully swung around the corner into Fourteenth street on my way to see my Alma Mater, I was greeted by a clanging bell. I was surprised, to say the least. When I had traversed this street on my way to school twenty years ago it was a quiet shaded avenue. I glanced at the trolley. It was a massive affair, evidently an interurban. Across the top, in blazing letters, were the words, "Dubuque, Sageville and Omaha." What was this unfamiliar white marble structure on the corner of Bluff street? A large electric sign proclaimed it to be the "Morgan". Indeed, the Morgan. Where was the small brick stucture of twenty years ago? As I stood at the desk, I was able to see into a half open door on which was written the word "Manager." The immaculately dressed man seated within looked familiar. I examined him more closely and—could it be true? Yes, certainly. I rushed in unceremoniously to greet my old school friend, Ray Nevins.

I fared forth prepared for almost anything. Where were the bumpy sidewalks? My feet unconsciously lifted to step over the high places, but not so. The old order changeth. The walks were constructed of smooth concrete, extending as far as I could see. Where were the trees which shaded me many a hot day as I climbed the hill? No doubt, gone to make way for progress. But what a splendid house. Where the yellow frame structure had stood, a huge rock house now rose. A brass plate on the door read "J. J. Ball". I accosted a stranger and asked who J. J. Ball was. He seemed to pity my ignorance, but he obligingly informed me that J. J. Ball was America's foremost writer of fiction. His recent best seller, "Blood and Guns", had brought him international fame and raised him to height of popularity.

As I continued a short distance on my journey, a gilded sign attracted my attention. It hung in the window of a stately mansion.

Physician and Surgeon

Well, Art always had talked of the profession ,especially stomach diseases, when we had gone to physics class together. He had evidently attained his ambition. I later learned that he was in Europe at the time, attending some of the English nobliity.

But what was this structure across the street? An immense office building ,the front graced by large

(Continued on Page Four.)

MOTHER.

George Stemm, winner of the oratroical contest, used as his most impressive and most moving word-picture, "The little grey-haired woman who sits in the window waiting—always waiting." This, too, is to be used as the subject of my theme.

A mother is patient and long-sufferign, her joy is in her child, she is with him in his absence, lives for him, and would die for him; and if he should die, her life is worse than death until time blunts the first keen pangs of sorrow, and turns them to a dull hard pounding—but that, too, is painful.

Mother and mother love in all climes and nations are the surest signs of the brotherhood of man. In torpid, sweltering Africa; in sleeping Italy and Spain; in slow China; in frozen fastnesses of the North and South; in treacherous India; in the dreamy South Seas; in trackless, snow-bound Siberia; and in free, bustling America both are found.

With "mother" is associated "home" and all that is dear; and to

(Continued on Page Three.)

LOCAL ITEMS.

On Friday evening, March 30, the students of the College were treated to a Musicale by Miss Theodora Bliedung, violin accompanied by Miss Ruth Harrigan.

Miss Bliedung is a student at Chicago University and is studying violin under Leon Sametini. Her home is in Joplin, Mo. At present she is visiting in Dubuque. Her cousin, James Piekenbrock is one of Columbia's net stars.

The students were very much pleased with her performance and wish her success.

Father Striegel has organized a small boys' choir made up of sopranos. This choir will sign at Benediction and at Community Mass. Father Striegel promises some excellent results from them in the future.

We were very much pleased to receive a letter from Fr. Patnode last Sunday. Father expressed his heartiest approbation of the Cee-Ay, thus far, and extended his best wishes for our future success. He is a regular subscriber and asked that we not forget him away out in Tama, as the Cee-Ay keeps him in touch with the place he loves best, dear old St. Joseph's hall.

Father Bendlage, former Athletic Director of the College, now of Chester, Iowa, visited at the college Thursday.

JUNIOR NOTES.

Another election was held last Tuesday for the purpose of electing a Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer. The meeting was regularly conducted and proved very successful. The choice made by the students certainly could not be improved on.

Kenneth Coleman was elected vice-president. He spoke to the class about the feeling that existed between the boarders and the day-students. "Let there be no sectionalism", were Mr. Coleman's final words.

Leo O'Connor was elected secretary and we know that he will take care of the business of the class in an official, dignified and competent manner.

Arnold Stierman was elected class treasurer, and we regard it unnecessary to tell you of Mr. Steirman's "savoir faire" in mastering this position.

We now have the officers selected and know without the shadow of a doubt that they are in earnest. What will we do in return? First let us reciproate their sincerity. Let us make the class of '23 the finest in the history of the school. We know that the faculty will be more than pleased if we can keep up the standard of the class of '22. Let it always be said that the class of '23 attained the highest degree of excellence and goodness. Let us have four marks by which we may be known:

ONE, MANLY, DUTIFUL and '23!

—Tom Brennan, '23.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The following number of books have been added recently to St. Joseph Hall library: Thirty-five volumes in Religion, thirty volumes of Biography, six volumes in History, forty-two volumes in General Literature, forty works of modern Fiction and three new sets of encyclopedias—in all making a total of one hundred and fifty-three, exclusive of the reference works.

Consequent upon the movement among the students to better themselves in Christian etiquette a dozen new works of this nature have been purchased. The continual demand for books of this kind indicates that the students feel the nature of culture anad good manners.

Read more books! Books are man's 'greatest enjoyment in the realms of intellect. It is to be urged, then, that the students take a deep interest in the library.

—Erwin J. Lusson, '23.

"THE CEE-AY"

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Editorial

THE SPIRIT OF LENT.

The Holy Season of Lent is fast drawing to a close. So busy are we with our daily routine that we are apt to be unmindful of the full significance of these forty days of fasting and prayer. Two weeks hence and it will be over. So let us strive to make these few remaining days valuable ones.

All of us made resolutions, or at least we should have done so, at the beginning. Some, perhaps, have forgotten them and others may have grown lax in performing them. Renew them—for now is the acceptable time.

Students at the college are fortunate in this: Each year Lent is appropriately closed by the solemn Retreat. The opportunity to pass three days, under the guidance of a Retreat Master, in which no word passes the lips except in prayer or spiritual reading is one to be seriously considered. Last year Father Cartwright, a Passionist Father, was our Master at the academy. He left an impression on our hearts which can never be erased. His noble personality and valuable instructions are still fast in our minds.

This year we are promised a Master who will b eequally as impressive. So let us strive now to think seriously of our coming retreat. In the past our Retreats have been most edifying to the Members of the Faculty and students, as well. Endeavor to make this one worthy of the calibre of young men Columbia has had in the past, has at the present and beyond question will have in the future.

—M. J. M., '22.

THE FISH POND.

Hopkinton, Ia., Apr. 1.—Dear Gus: Some buddy has said that brevity is the soul of wit. Suppose that is why we are all laughing at the young ladies' wearing apparel, eh Gus? This epistle isn't going to run into a serial. I have just revived from reading the Cee-Ay and as a result my smoking jacket and other bodily adornments are minus a couple dozen buttons less or more. Why, Gus, the New York Sun and Saturday Evening Post look like amateur publications along side IT. One of our professors was walking down the corridor when somebody in one of the rooms filled the corridor with his laughter. "Well, if that fellow ain't cuckoo," says the prof., "he's reading the Cee-Ay", all which handed us spectators a laugh. The Cee-Ay's editorial staff may not know how their ancestors, according to Darwin, learned to skin the cat in the cocoanut groves of South America, but they're budding journalists. That's what they are—buddin' journalists. The Cee-Ay is fighting this new disease that's spreading through colleges. I mean Caketeria. There is only one cake eater that I know of around this emporium, Gus, and I've got a trap set for him. The Cee-Ay argues this way: They say an ounce of prevention is worth a carload of Tanlac. Get a hold of a copy of this paper, Gus. I'm telling you that if this paper was in existence when Caesar was alive he would have taken a chariotful over into Gaul for distribution among the Carnegie libraries. So here's hoping, Gus, that you subscribe for it and that you will not break any blood vessels in your pericranium while reading it over. As ever, Andy.

—(Holub).

* * *

Cyril: "What are you going to do this summer?"
Fat: "Work."
Cyril: "What at?"
Fat: "At intervals."

* * *

Kellogg: (looking under blotter) "Any one seen my 'Literary Digest' 'round here?"

* * *

Now that spring is here the ukelele buzzards have transferred their activities from the corridors to the campus. It is hoped that Gleason will do likewise.

* * *

Kellogg: "This cold weather chills me to the bone."
Kopel: "You should wear a hat."

—A. F. L., '22.

'Twas a balmy summer evening
And a goodly crowd was there.
(But it was only Schlick's Uncle Tom's Cabin.)

Coleman: There's a fly in my ice cream.

Kellogg: (the waiter) "Serves him right; let him freeze."

* * *

Too late, alas! the song
To Remedy the wrong;—
The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for their fate.
But these tears besprinkled pages
Shall attest to future ages
That we cried against the crime of it—Too late! alas! too late!
(Did Kipling go to boarding school?)

* * *

She looked into the mirror, and was fast asleep at night;
She wanted to see just how she looked, when her eyes were closed up tight.

OUR ATHLETIC HALL OF FAME.

(Note: The Cee-Ay will run this column every week which will give the record of star athletes who at one time attended our high school department. In the last edition of this paper the author's name will be given.)

From the Chicago Herald Examiner: "Iowa produced a great man in Urban Red Faber, Sox Star Pitcher, from Cascade, Iowa.

In 1909, while attending St. Joseph College (now Columbia) he made his first big record. In three games he pitched the followig record:

S. J. C. .....8 St. Ambrose 0
S. J. C. .....2 Campion 1
S. J. C. .....3 Luther 1

In three games he allowed a total of five hits, struck out fifty and allowed six walks. And by the way Father Steffen was his receiver. Some battery we'll say. In the St. Amrbose game Red struck out 25 men which still stands as the state strike-out record.

From 1910 to the present time he has pitched for the following clubs: Cedar Rapids, Dubuque, Pittsburgh (National League), Minneapolis, Pueblo, Des Moines and with the Chicago White Sox where he first entered the professional hall of fame, winning the 1917 World Series practically single handed against the powerful New York Giants. Last year he staged a real comeback with the Chicago White Sox. He will decorate the mound for the Sax again this year and is looked upon as their best pitcher fo rthe coming season.

THE CHAPEL CLOCK.

Within the college chapel tow'r
A massive clock-dial stands.
It does not tell the time of day;
It hasn't any hands.

Perhaps it has another task,
As I do oft surmise;
It takes our thoughts from earthly things
And lifts them to the skies.

—X. Y. X., '22

ATHLETICS

Here it is—the long and anxiously waited for schedule which this year's Academy team will have to wade through. It looks mighty good, doesn't it? It should be an incentive for any baseball aspirant to work to make the team:

Academy Baseball Schedule, 1922.

Sat., April 8, Dubuque Dodgers at C. A.
Sat., April 22, East Dubuque High at C. A.
Sat., April 29, Epworth Seminary at Epworth.
Sat., May 6, Epworth Seminary at C. A.
Wed., May 10, St. Mary's High School at C. A.
Sat., May 13, Dubuque High School at C. A .
Sat., May 20, Campion "All Stars" at Prairie Du Chie[illegible]
Sat, May 27, Dubuque [illegible]gh School at Dubuque.

—K. Coleman, '23.

THE OUTLAWS.

Baseball season is at hand and the numerous teams are limbering up. The Outlaws, a local outfit, earned for themselves a respected reputation in last year's baseball, football and basketball annals. Now they are out to cop the Junior City Championship in baseball. Most of the old men are back. The manager of the Outlaws says that they are ready to meet all comers, including the West Hill Indians and Columbia Academy—no exceptions. The Outlaws are clean players and good sportsmen.

The Midgets, a day student team, are working up preparatory to entering the St. Joseph Hall League. There is considerable material on hand this year both green and seasoned. Their coach is determined to turn out a winning team regardless of any handicaps that may arise. In the event there is a loving cup in store for the winning team in the Junior League, which, beyond a doubt will be won by the Midgets Anyone desiring to see may call around at the Lower Study Hall. The day students are backing the Midgets to a man.

"Duckie" Dawson, '23.

Although there is but one veteran from last year the Teenie Weenies are looking forward to a great season. The pitching staff will probably be led by Goodman with Clark in reserve on some other position. Both have proven their worth on the mound.

Nicholson seems to have no contenders at the receiving end. "Nic" is small but somehow the ball doesn't get by him. Father Russel states that there is such a wealth of material that no one is sure of his position. Father Russel will be assisted in the coaching by Eddie Kopel, our speedy Academy shortstop. With all these assets, we too, foresee a successful season for the Teenie Weenies.

—Eddie Hussey, '23.

The Thorns, under the management of Augustine O'Donnell, after spending a most successful season in basketball are now preparing for a baseball season which we hope will be just as successful.

Gus says that he has the very best of material in Kentucky Clements and Eddie Kopel for the mound and McPartland and McAleer behind the pan. They hope to out scintillate the Scintillating Satellites with whom they will play a series of games. The winning team will play the Academy.

John Cacek expects to call out volunteers for the Satellites in a few days. The Satellites made a good showing last year and expect to show up well this year also.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Note: The following article intended for last week's publication was omitted through an error.

The annual Oratory Contest was held in the College Auditorium, Thursday evening, March 23rd. Messrs. William A. Blake, Claire C. Drummy, Francis P. Schultes and George A .Stemm were the participants.

The work of the contestants showed good preparation and excellent coaching. The winning orations were Joan of Arc and The Pontiff of Peace delivered by Messrs. Stemm and Blake, respectively. This is Mr. Stemm's last year at the college and all were pleased to see him win first place.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

Slowly and quietly the soft snow fell to the ground covering it with a sparkling blanket of downy flakes. Over yonder mountain rose the monarch of the skies, casting his golden rays upon the earth, and tinting the distant clouds with a hue of purple and rose.

Out over this scene gazed Yvonne, nature's mounatin child. All her life she had lived in this humble cabin in the wilderness with her parents. Now, at last, she was to enjoy the great event of her life; a visit to the big city in the East.

All of the preceding evening had been spent in packing her trunk and valise, and now at last the long anticipated moment had arrived. Father was leading the ponies up to the gate and calling for his daughter. With an affectionate farewell to her mother, Yvonne mounted the spirited animal, and, together with her father, soon rode out of sight of the little grey-haired woman who stood in the doorway waving a fond adieu.

(Continued Next Week.)

MOTHER.

(Continued from Page One.)

"mother" and home" every heart beats with all the power of love.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

And yet, what is home without a mother?

Let us take Mother Malone for an example. She has watched her little ones enter that "sleep that knows no waking" until James alone remains to be lived for. She watches him wistfully, and sees only good in him. He grows up to stalwart manhood—her pride and joy. But Divine Providence has decreed that he, too, must leave her. Jamesie was called to Europe; he took sailing on the ill-fated T——; and he returned to Mother Malone no more.

Mother Malone aged quickly. Her already gray hair grew white and thin. Her brow became indented with the wrinkles of sorrow and hardship. She would sit in her rocker day after day always knittign, knitting, knitting, with only a pause now and then to brush away the tears that she could not suppress. She would sigh, stop, drop a few stitches, and then go on—knitting.

In less than a year, Mother Malone's great soul was called by its Maker to join those of her children who had preceded her. Neighboring housewives passed the word from fence to fence: "Old Mrs. Malone is dead. But she's better off, poor thing. She wasn't quite right, you know." Thus passed Mother Malone; thus the world had regarded her; and thus pass thousands like her when their work for the world has been done.

Does your mother's absent son think of "the spot in his heart that no colleen can own", and repeat to himself the words of that dear old song:

"Would you like to go back to home, sweet home,
Where the world and your friends are true;
Down that lane to stroll again,
Where mother waits for you?"

To Mother has been given the sweetest of all earthly names; a name which, save only One, is the sublimest, the dearest, and the most beautiful ever formed by human lips; a name which, save His Own, is the sweetest that even God can utter. Had Mary not been "full of grace," she still should be the greatest of saints, for God and man call her MOTHER.

—James Donohue, '24.

They had a cotnest as to who,
Could drink the most, by Heck,
And one just like the pacing mare,
Now, by a horse's Neck.

WEST FOURTEENTH STREET IN 1942.

(Continued from Page One.)

pillars. A sign on the lower windows advertised that part of the building to be the "Students' Bank". I went in to do some business. At the cashier's window I was surprised to hear a voice say familiarly, "Hello, when did you get back?" Astonished, I glanced up and was surprised to see Charlie Rose handing me a check. I left the bank, stepped on the moving stairway, and was whisked to the second floor.

Brietbach & Romberg
Attorneys at Law.

I read on the first door. I joyfluly greeted the old boys and, after a long talk I continued down the corridor. I learned shortly after that "Tony" had a national reputation as an orator, while "Iky" was famous as a master of technical details.

Real Estate and Farm Loans
Charles Mettle.

next struck my eye. The boys sure were sticking to the old street and all prosperous too. On the next flight of stairs up, I noticed the words,

Mississippi Valley League
R. Lassance, Pres.
C. Wolf, Vice-pres. and Treas.

After some inquiry I learned that R. Lassance was the "Doty" I had known twenty years ago. He had been the famous playing manager of the Dubuque team and C. Wolf, who was indeed the "Doc" I had known was the short-stop and hardest hitter of the league. After their active careers on the diamond the boys had taken hold of the management of the league. It was now the greatest league in the country and Dubuque had just won the World's Championship Series, which had been played in Dubuque.

As I wandered up the walk I began to look for the familiar sign "Montrose Terrace" and the dividing wall and iron railing. But, alas, a smooth street rose gently away from West Fourteenth.

Then I looked for the most famous of landmarks ,the Model Grocery. But in it's place rose a prosperous looking men's furnishings store. I crossed the street and chanced to glance at the small sign on the door.

The Palace
John Stafford, prop.

So protege had realized his ambition at last!

Across the steep hill known as Dell street, which, incidentally, was now smoothly paved, was a garage. According to the sign it had he agency for the new two-wheeled, gyroscopic car guaranteed to make any hill on high. Under the word "Garage" was written,

Schmitt and Shulte

So the "Gold Dust Twins" as I last knew them, and who had always raved about cars, were still together and could now gratify their ambitions.

I needed the help of a tonsorial artist so I began to look for a barber shop. I no sooner started my quest that glancing across the street I saw the sign.

College Tonsorial Parlors

It seemed to be a modern place, and as I came nearer I noticed the words "K. Stribly, prop." Like father, like son.

I was now near the top of the hill and I noticed a strange looking building which a sign proclaimed to be the,

Walsh Bros. Aerial Depot

Behind it I could see a level field stretching away on which many airplanes were moving. Upon investigation I learned that the Walsh Brothers, once my schoolmates, were now controlling the most famous landing field for aerial navigation in the middle west.

The Dubuque Daily Times

the large gold letters across the top of the window read. A crowd was gazing at the bulletin ,and the roar of the big presses could be heard above the din of many 'planes. I bought a copy of the paper and turning to the editorial page I read the words "Rapheal Hennes, Editor-in-chief". In an artcile immediately following, he commented on the rise of the students of 4A English class of 1922, reaching it's culmination in the election of Ed McPartland, to the presidency of the college.

I stood staring, mouth open, at the large ten story, marble pillared building where I had expected to find St. Joseph Hall. I asked a stranger what the building was. He informed me that it was the new St. Joseph Hall recently erected at the cost of ten million dollars. The old Alma Mater certainly was making progress, both in itself and in it's students.

But one more surprise awaited me .On the place where an empty lot and a mud puddle had been, opposite the main entrance to St. Joseph Hall, rose a building before which a large crowd had gathered. They were shouting and were evidently very much elated. Across the top of the windows ran the words,

The CEE AY

and on a bulletin beneath it I read,

Columbia 28
Harvard 0

—F. M. Boesch, '22.

SPRING.

When the robin starts a chirpin';
When you see the meadow lark;
When the breezes blow so softly,
And the grass grows in the park;
When you see the baseballs rollin';
When the birds begin to hum;
And you feel, oh, "sort of" peppy:
Then you know that SPRING has come.

—S. D. McKinnon, '22.

KAMPUS KWIBS.

Are you in favor of having our annual free-day now or on Easter Tuesday?

I would not be infavor of having the annual spring holiday now, or on Easter Tuesday. To me it would be more reasonable to regulate the date of the holiday by the weather than by the calendar.

—A Faculty Member.

I think we should have Easter Tuesday free instead of having our spring holiday now. It would give those who may go home a longer stay, and for those who don't go home it would be a much needed rest after the retreat after which all would start in with renewed vigor.

—Gerald Breen, '22.

I think most of the fellows would like to have Easter free. Some of them could go home who could not do so if we had only two days free. I am sure all would like to have the free-day Easter Tuesday.

—"Toot" Veitch, '23.

We should have the spring holiday on Easter Tuesday because a holiday now would seriously hinder the work of the six weeks period and we need an additional holiday at Easter to give us a good start for the hardest and most decisive period of the year.

—"Jo" Morrisey, '24.

I am in favor of having the spring free-day on Easter Tutsday, because the day scholars who make the retreat would not have a full holiday if we would have it before Easter.

—"Chick" O'Connor, '25.

SCENES FROM THE HILLS.

All day long the rain had poured down in torrents. The sky, a dull gray dome, cast a gloomy shadow over the earth.

Finally, the rain ceased and the sun peaked out from behind a low bank of clouds and flooded the country round with a soft mellow light. The earth, as far as one could see, seemed to wear a halo of bright glittering gold.

Glancing from the window of St. Francis Hall, my eye alighted on the Illinois bluffs, radiant with the sunset. The rocks, that a moment before were dull and blackish in color, were now transfigured into masses of wonderful rubies.

A farm house nestling among the hills caught the gleam of the last lingering rays of the sun and was changed by this magic wand into a fairy palace.

Below this scene, the solemn river silently gliding on its never-ending voyage to the ocean, reflected in its bosom the beautiful picture.

—Philip Evans, '25.

Time.

K. C.—Hello, Abe. Haven't seen you for about a month. Whatcha been doing?"

Abe: "Thirty days."—Wisconsin Octopus.